

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. IV.

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No. 20.

IS IT WELL?

HEART, "Is it well with thee?"

Well with the soul!

What will thy record be,

As the years roll

On, toward Eternity—

Will it speak peace?

Is the world's strife with thee,

Never to cease?

Life is so real,

So grand and so true,

If our ideal

We closely pursue;

Raising our standard,

As high as we may—

Tolling on heavenward,

While yet it is day.

Strive for the right, ever!

Live down the wrong,

Earnest endeavor

Is what makes us strong.

God's spark, within the heart,

Ne'er can grow dim,

If we but do our part,

Looking to Him.

Never shed useless tears

O'er time misspent;

Nobly redeem the years!

Truly repent.

Go bravely forward!

God helps those who try—

Upward and onward!

"To conquer or die."

Hope's star is o'er thee,

O never despair!

Thy Saviour, before thee,

Knew trouble and care;

Alone in the garden,

His vigil He kept—

It was for thy pardon

He suffered and wept.

Trust then and follow

The path that he trod;

Through all thy sorrow,

T will lead thee to God—

With Him, exultingly,

Ever to dwell.

Child, "Is it well with thee?"

Lord, it is well.

HOW BEN PAID HIS INTEREST.

BY JOHN N. DICKIE.

I.

It seems but yesterday.

I really hope my young readers will not laugh at the above expression, for it is precisely what the aged say when they make a remark in reference to past times. Yes, it seems but yesterday, but it was precisely ten years ago the twentieth day of last March, that I threw down my pen in my down-town office, drew on my overcoat, puckered my mouth up into shape for a good long whistle, and started for home.

In about five minutes I had got four of the seven long squares behind me that separated my office from my residence, and in the act of passing a fruit-stand under full headway, I thought of my two

little ones and the pleasure a nice plump orange would afford them. So I occupied the sixth minute in pricing the golden fruit and paying therefor, and was just in the act of replacing the wallet in my pocket, when a shrill voice to my right cried out:

"Say, mister, lend us a dime, can't yer?"

I glanced downward and beheld a chap of perhaps twelve years, ragged and not over clean, his matted locks covered with the remnant of a last year's straw hat. It would please me to state that he appeared half-starved, but such was not the case. His swarthy cheeks stood out with fatness, while his keen black eyes fairly shone with the mirth his quivering lips could scarce conceal.

I do not know why it was, but I looked upon this request of that little ragamuffin at that precise moment as perfectly just and proper. I knew he was not hungry. His countenance had entirely too contented a look for that. I only felt that I should do myself a wrong if I paid no heed to his request. So I opened my purse without a word, withdrew the coveted dime, and handed it to the lad, who, now by far the more astonished of the two, shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, looked first at the silver and then at me, and finally blurted on with—

"See heer, boss, I ain't got no s'curity for this here!"

"Never mind the security," I replied, laughing heartily as I moved away. "I'll give you that. Good night, my brave fellow, and luck to you."

Isn't it strange how little things sometimes bring the good out of us, and all of a sudden, too, and in such an unexpected way? I had only granted the request of a mischievous vagrant by lending him a simple ten-cent piece. But what a change! His every movement seemed altered; and, as I disappeared, his voice called after me, saying:

"Remember, boss, this here dime is only borrid, you know. It's lended money, that's what it be, and she'll be paid back with a roarin' old intrist 'fore you knows it. Much obleeged, sir; my name's Ben. Please don't forget the name, sir, and it'll be all right."

The remaining three squares were soon traversed, and quickly lifting the latch of the gate fronting my little cottage, I entered; and in turning to fasten it, I caught sight of a little figure just dodging up the alley, and which I now remembered to have noticed following me. I had no difficulty in recognizing my youthful debtor, who had thus embraced the opportunity to find just where I lived, for the purpose, probably, of being enabled to put his finger on me at any moment, night or day.

II.

About a month after the incident narrated in the foregoing chapter, I was taken ill with the typhus fever, and confined to my bed for weeks. The fever being a contagious one, my wife—ever the best of nurses—had taken the precaution to keep our two children, Lotta and Harry, aged respectively five and ten, from home as much as possible. Being fortunate enough to have many friends, we let the children "put up" wherever fancy dictated, always, however, being apprised of their whereabouts. I remember the night well—oh, so well!—when, rising upon my elbow in bed, I asked hurriedly: "Mary, where are our children staying now?"

"At the Alton House, my dear," replied my wife, as she tenderly arranged the pillow, and dropped the blind. "Mrs. Alton seemed

so anxious for them to come up and play with her young folks a few days."

"But it's such a large hotel, Mary. Mrs. Alton—well, I suppose it's all right, but if anything should happen to them, under any roof than our own, I think my life would be embittered forever."

But my wife did not share in my anxiety. I was very weak, and just recovering from a severe illness, and my mind suffered with my body. But if I could only have known how nearly true my presentiments were!

The evening passed, night came, the clock struck twelve, and, almost as an echo, a fire-bell rang out shrilly on the still air. Now the clatter, clatter of horse's feet and the rattling engine, vomiting fire and smoke. Then the hook and ladder wagon. Another engine coming in an opposite direction. Hurry, bustle, the tramping of quick footsteps on the pavement, and the din of excited voices. My wife stood in the doorway, and I heard her ask where the fire was? In a moment she entered the room, her face white, and her hands clasped. "John, John, it's the Alton House that's on fire! Our children—O God!"

The shock for a moment completely paralyzed me; but strength quickly returned—giant strength. I sprang from the bed and into my clothes in a twinkling, and, grasping my wife by the arm, drew her out of the open door down on the pavement and down the street, almost on a run. Under the tremendous excitement I felt no weakness. I thought only of the safety of our two darling ones. One, two, three squares, and we could see the fire. Yes, the Alton House was burning. Long tongues of fire leaped out of the first and second-story windows, and dense volumes of smoke poured from the stories above. The firemen had given over the idea of saving the house, and were now using every endeavor to prevent the fire spreading to the adjoining buildings. The ladders were being taken down one by one, and my heart leaped for joy, for that certainly proved that all the inmates had been rescued.

But, alas! almost the first one we saw on mingling with the crowd, was our son Harry; but the joy of seeing him in safety was instantly lost in the idea that his sister might be in danger. Was she? Had she reached the pavement with him? He could not tell, and burst into a flood of tears. At that moment a cry of horror went up from the crowd. We looked up, and there, leaning over the sill of a thirty-story window, her waxen curls singed with the heat and her little arms held out beseechingly, was Lotta, our own darling Lotta!

Imagine, dear reader, the sensations of myself, wife, and child. My wife, indeed, fainted dead away, and had to be conveyed from out the crowd. But the firemen—noble men—were at work. Already a ladder had been placed in position, and a bold fellow sprang lightly up the rounds. But a column of fire and smoke rolled out, and drove him back. Again he made the attempt, but this time to come back blinded with the intense heat. A groan of agony went up from the crowd. I sprang forward, intending to make a trial of myself, but was held back by stronger arms. At this moment a voice cried out at my elbow:

"Whoop! She isn't no goner yet! There were bread thrown on the water by the old boss, and now it's a comin' back!"

I knew the voice. I knew those ragged clothes. *It was Ben!* Noble, good, grand Ben! And as he stood, a bandage soaked in water over his mouth, with one foot on the first round of the ladder, and his chest drawing in a long inspiration for the start, I thought I had never seen a nobler spectacle. A hush fell upon the crowd, and a prayer went up. Suddenly Ben, with the quickness of a cat, flew up the ladder—reaching the top in safety. A tremendous cheer broke from the crowd. But listen! A dull, heavy thud! The walls are falling in! Horrors! it crumbles beneath the ladder

itself. The smoke clears away for the moment. O joy! he has the child in his arms, and is wrapping his coat about her neck and shoulders! He can never come down the ladder as he went up! He knows it. See! he motions to the crowd below. They understand him, and stand ready to catch what he is about to drop. One, two, three swings and she leaves his hands, vanishes for a moment in the cloud of smoke, and alights safely on the hands upstretched to catch her. I knew she was safe now and I thought only of *him*. Would he jump? No. He clasps his hands above and his knees below, on the side of the ladder, and slides unharmed to the ground.

Ben went home with me that night. He is with me to-day, as head clerk in my establishment; and if the reader will keep it quiet, I will say that in one year from this date he will be my first and only partner.—*Heath and Home.*

INTERPRETATION EXTRAORDINARY.

At the late convention at Belleville, while remarking upon the great diversity of manner in sign-making, exemplified by the various gentlemen who acted as interpreters at the convention, a friend told us the following story of the first experience in interpreting of one of the young teachers present:

One day, when he had just begun teaching, his class-room was visited by a gentleman, who, after witnessing the exercises of the class, expressed a desire to address the pupils, and asked the teacher to interpret his remarks. The class was composed of new pupils who had been under instruction but a few days, and whose acquisitions were therefore limited to the first two or three pages of Dr. H. P. Peet's Elementary Lessons, while the teacher's knowledge of the sign-language did not extend beyond the signs for the words which he had taught his class. But however deficient in this respect he was not lacking in certain other elements more or less essential to success as an instructor of the deaf and dumb—self-confidence, readiness, and a sense of humor. He had been expatiating eloquently to his visitor upon the beauty and capability of the language of signs, and now was he to confess his own ignorance of this language? If the clergyman failed to perceive the absurdity of making a speech to these little heathens, was he to point it out? So he told him to go ahead; he would interpret for him.

The clergyman thereupon proceeded to deliver an address in the style usual on such occasions, expressing his sympathy with the misfortune of his hearers, his rejoicing in their opportunity of education, how this was the result of the influences of Christianity, etc., etc. Have we not all of us interpreted many such addresses, to our own weariness and that of our pupils? But in this case there was no weariness; at least, none on the part of the pupils. As soon as the clergyman began to speak the teacher began rapidly to make and repeat the signs that he knew: "Pen, pin, key, hat, box, dog, cat, cow, rat, mouse; key, hat, pin, pen, box, mouse, dog, cow, cat, rat; rat, cat, cow, mouse, dog, pen, hat, box, pin," etc.—going through the list again and again, with ever-increasing speed and energy.

The pupils, astonished at the unusual exhibition, looked on with no little curiosity; and as they saw the familiar signs repeated in this unfamiliar connection, and with such unwonted vigor and rapidity, their wonder grew and their gaze became more and more intent to the end of the address. The clergyman was greatly delighted by their evident interest; he said he had never addressed an audience that paid such close attention, and he congratulated the teacher upon the clearness of his signs, the appropriateness of many of which, he said, he was able to recognize.—*Annals.*

HOW TO SHOOT RABBITS.

A SHORT distance beyond the place where Kate had been left, there was a small by-path; and when, still carefully carrying her gun, she reached this path, Kate stopped. Here would be a good place, she thought, to wait for game. Something would surely come into that little path, if she kept herself concealed.

So she knelt down behind a small bush that grew at a corner of the two paths, and putting her gun through the bush, rested the barrel in a crotch.

The gun now pointed up the by-path, and there was an opening in the bush through which Kate could see for some distance.

Here then, she watched and waited.

The first thing that crossed the path was a very little bird. It hopped down from a twig, it jerked its head about, it pecked at something on the ground, and then flew up into a tree. Kate would not have shot it on any account, for she knew it was not good to eat; but she could not help wondering how people ever did shoot birds, if they did not "hold still" any longer than that little creature did. Then there appeared a small brown lizard. It came very rapidly down the path towards Kate. "If it comes all the way," thought Kate, "I shall have to jump."

But it did not come all the way, and Kate remained quiet.

For some time no living creatures, except butterflies and other insects, showed themselves. Then, all of a sudden, there popped into the middle of the path, not very far from Kate, a real, live rabbit! It was quite a good-sized rabbit, and Kate trembled from head to foot. Here was a chance, indeed!

To carry home a fat rabbit, would be a triumph. She aimed the gun as straight towards the rabbit as she could, having shut the wrong eye several times before she got the matter arranged to her satisfaction. Then she remembered that she had not cocked the gun, and so she had to do that, which, of course, made it necessary for her to aim all over again.

She cocked only one hammer, and she did it so gently that it did not frighten the rabbit, although he flinched a little when he heard the "click, click!" Everything was so quiet that he probably thought he heard some insect, probably a young or ignorant cricket that did not know how to chirp properly.

So he sat very still and nibbled at some leaves that were growing by the side of the path. He looked very pretty as she sat there, taking his dainty little bites and jerking up his head every now and then, as if he were expecting somebody.

"I must wait till he's done eating," thought Kate. "It would be cruel to shoot him now."

Then he stopped nibbling all of a sudden, as if he had just thought of something, and as soon as he remembered what it was, he twisted his head around and began to scratch one of his long ears with his hind foot. He looked so funny doing this that Kate came near laughing; but, fortunately, she remembered that that would not do just then.

When he had finished scratching one ear, he seemed to consider the question, whether or not he should scratch the other one; but he finally came to the conclusion that he would n't. He'd rather hop over to the other side of the path and see what was there.

This, of course, made it necessary for Kate to take a new aim at him.

Whatever it was that he found on the other side of the path it grew under the ground, and he stuck his head down as far as he could get it, and bent up his back, as if he were about to try a somersault, or stand on his head.

"How round and soft he is!" thought Kate.

"How I should like to pat him. I wonder when he'll find whatever it is that he is looking for!

"What a cunning little tail!"

The cunning little tail was soon clapped flat on the ground, and Mr. Bunny raised himself up and sat on it. He lifted his nose and forepaws in the air and seemed to be smelling something good.

His queer little nose wiggled so comically that Kate again came very near bursting out laughing.

"How I would love to have him for a pet!" she said to herself.

After sniffing a short time, the rabbit seemed to come to the conclusion that he was mistaken, after all, and that he did n't really smell anything so very good. He seemed disappointed, however, for he lifted up one of his little fore-paws and rubbed it across his eyes. But, perhaps, he was n't so very sorry, but only felt like taking a nap, for he stretched himself out as far as he could, and then drew himself up in a bunch, as if he were going to sleep.

"I wish he would n't do that," thought Kate, anxiously. "I don't want to shoot him in his sleep."

But Bunny was n't asleep. He was thinking. He was trying to make up his mind about something. There was no way of finding out what he was trying to make up his mind about. He might have been wondering why some plants did n't grow with their roots uppermost, so that he could get at them without rubbing his little nose in the dirt; or why trees were not good to eat right through, trunk and all. Or he might have been trying to determine whether it would be better for him to go over to 'Lijah Ford's garden, and try to get a bite at some cabbage leaves; or to run down to the field just outside of the woods, where he would be very likely to meet a certain little girl rabbit that he knew very well. But whatever it was, he had no sooner made up his mind about it than he gave one big hop and was out of sight in a minute.

"There!" cried Kate. "He's gone!"

I reckon he thought he'd giv' 'bout chance enough, Miss Kate," said a voice behind her, and, turning hurriedly, she saw Uncle Braddock.

"Why, how did you come here?" she exclaimed. "I did n't hear you."

"Reckon not, Miss Kate," said the old man.

"You don't s'pose I was agoin' to frighten away yer game. I seed you a-stoopin' down aimin' at somethin', and I jist creeped along, a little at a time, to see what it was. Why, what did come over you, Miss Kate, to let that ole har go? It was the prettiest shot I ever did see."

Oh! I could n't fire at the dear little thing while it was eating so prettily," said Kate, letting down the hammer of the gun as easily as she could; "and then he cut up such funny little capers that I came near laughing right out. I could n't shoot him while he was so happy, and I'm glad I did n't do it at all."

"All right, Miss Kate," said Uncle Braddock, as he started off on his way through the woods; "that may be a werry pious way to go a-huntin', but it wont bring you much meat."—*St Nicholas*.

"At an examination of pupils in one of the institutions, we have forgotten which, cards were distributed among the pupils of a class, having on them questions like this:

"What happened in the year 1620?

"Answers long and exhaustive were of course the result; but after a while the examiner thought he would try the class on the history of the times. So he asked them:

"What happened in the year 1871?

This was a poser; the pupils stood staring at the black-board, and no one offered an answer. Finally, a little fellow turned to his slate and wrote:

"Schuyler Colfax had a baby."—*Journal*.

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WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 15, 1874.

It is curious that no one, so far as we know, has yet taken any notice of the handsome monogram of the letters L. C., which is placed on the front of the pedestal of the Clerc Memorial, below the bust.

THE *Journal* has brought down upon its devoted head the wrath of the friends of articulation teaching, by some indiscreet remarks on the case of Miss Lawrence, recently noticed in this paper; and the discussion now nearly fills its meagre four columns.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the Clerc Memorial can now be obtained of Mr. W. H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., at fifty cents apiece. The pictures are very good ones, and are of what is known as the cabinet size. The one we have brings out the inscriptions and the smallest details distinctly, although it does not give quite a correct idea of the comparative proportions of the bust and pedestal.

ELSEWHERE Mr. A. W. Mann has something to say on that inexhaustible subject, impostors and deaf-mute beggars. When he says that hearing people often have their opinion of the deaf and dumb formed by the few deaf beggars who force themselves upon their notice, he says something that is very true. And we believe, also, that he is correct in laying the responsibility for the disreputable lives of many deaf-mutes upon hearing people, who often encourage a deaf-mute to beg by giving him money when he asks for employment. The only way to prevent this is to enlighten the hearing public as to the independence, capabilities, and responsibilities of the deaf and dumb; to let them know that the whole class are not objects of charity—and this can be done quickest by enlarging the circulation of the papers, published for deaf-mutes, among hearing people.

THE *Annals* for October contains, among other things, an article on "Economy in Teaching," by Mr. Elliott, of London, England; a translation from an Italian journal by J. C. Gordon, a professor in the Deaf-mute College, on the education of deaf-mutes by means of articulation; "Posthumous Papers of the late George Hutton," edited by his son, J. Scott Hutton; and "The Acquisition of Written Language by the Deaf-mute," by B. D. Pettengill. Mr. Elliott advocates large institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb as economizing labor and producing greater results; Mr. Pettengill thinks that it is a mistake to teach grammar to the deaf-mute before he has acquired command of language, and proves that it is reversing the order of nature. What experience we have had confirms Mr. Pettengill's views. The installment of Mr. George Hutton's papers, the first of a series, is quite interesting, as being the product of an able mind and a vigorous pen.

In the depot at Hartford, a hearing gentleman was talking by signs with a deaf-mute, when he heard a young lady near wonder whether he was a deaf-mute. Soon a semi-mute came along and spoke to the gentleman, and he replies with his fingers. "Now I'm sure he is deaf and dumb!" exclaims the young lady.

WHAT will the papers for deaf-mutes discuss now that the Clerc Memorial is beyond discussion? It is a subject that is older than most of them, and the infinite variety of opinions that it has brought out, and the healthy quarrelling that it has engendered, have kept the papers pretty well supplied, and tolerably lively. Our friend was not mistaken when he remarked that he thought he had "seen the name of Clerc in print a few times lately." *The Advance* has taken to dissertations on "mutton cutlets," and, although it can not hope to rival Lamb's "Roast Pig," it will do; and *The Journal* is diverting its readers with blasts from its own horn. But these topics will soon be exhausted, and what then?

THE *New York Tribune*, in view of the fact that the "Great Scandal," has been so widely spread, that there is no one in the city of Brooklyn from the child to the old man tottering to the grave, who hath an ear to hear, or an eye to see, who has not expressed an "opinion" or formed an "idea" or received an "impression" of the affair, wisely suggests that the jury be composed of twelve deaf and dumb and blind men, if twelve such exist; for such men would be tolerably sure to have remained in blissful ignorance of the whole tragedy of errors. This would be an impartial jury, and their verdict would be hardly more absurd than many have been. We always thought the majority of jurymen were deaf and blind, though we are not prepared to express an opinion as to their dumbness.

ACCORDING to *The New York Times*, Thomas Farrell, a deaf-mute, recently had a narrow escape from the State Prison. From evidence of the complainant, Michael O'Reilly, the accused attacked him, and snatched a gold watch from his pocket. One Ryan came toward the parties, but instead of rendering assistance, placed his hand upon the prostrate man's breast and robbed him of his watch and chain, and made his escape, but was subsequently arrested, and was released at the instance of his uncle, connected with the court. A cunning coincidence with his release is, that the watch was immediately returned to the complainant. Farrell was also arrested and confined in the Tombs. At the trial, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, acting as interpreter, the prisoner described the robbery. He said that on the night in question, being in a state of intoxication, he was attacked by O'Reilly, from whom he was endeavoring to escape when arrested. The jury acquitted the prisoner, who had evidently been victimized in order that Ryan might escape. Well, if deaf-mutes will get drunk they must expect to get into trouble. We understand that two or three were committed to prison during the late Convention in Hartford, by the promptness of Mr. Kennedy, the Steward of the Asylum, who felt it his duty to treat them so to protect the pupils to whom they had exhibited themselves.

A DEAF and dumb mendicant was suddenly startled yesterday by the rude shouts of some boys, while walking down the Avenue, and in turning slipped on a banana skin and fell. He gave the lads a severe lecture, much to the enjoyment of the blind beggar at the corner, who saw the whole occurrence through his green glasses, and was much amused thereat.—*Troy Times*.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

MORE OF IMPOSTORS.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

THE following item cut from the local columns of *The Detroit Free Press* will perhaps bear insertion in *THE SILENT WORLD* on account of the story it tells. This class of impostors grows more numerous every year, and the harm done our community by their practices is felt by all sensitive and high-minded deaf-mutes. There is a time coming when the aid of the law will be invoked to put a stop to this. It ought to be even now. We are already enduring enough of the mortification caused by the practices of our own people, who, having lost all sense of shame, are roaming the country imposing upon the benevolent, and engaging in pursuits which are in their very nature disreputable.

People conclude naturally, after seeing one or more of deaf-mute peddlers or mendicants, that all the rest are the same. This generalization from a few bad cases does great injustice to the goodly members of our community. There is a plain truth, and it is this: the worthy and reputable portion stay at home, work hard and lay up money, and when they travel they pay their way and attract no notice but, if they do, it excites surprise that they are able to pay like speaking persons. Hence it may be well and truthfully asserted that strangers generally see more of bad, disreputable deaf-mutes than of the opposite kind just spoken of.

We must calmly await the time when the public mind will be properly enlightened on this, to us, perplexing and mortifying subject; and be taught to discriminate sensibly between true and false charity. The latter is well and truly illustrated when people offer or give money to a deaf-mute anxious to obtain work, instead of giving him the means of earning it. I know full well that many deaf-mutes are driven to disreputable practices by this mistaken charity. Talk about charity. The word disgusts me in the popular interpretation of its meaning. It has its birth some where in the minds of three-fourths of the people who seem to think the word, must be inseparably connected with all who are deaf and dumb, and they act accordingly, to our sorrow and disgust. Disappointed after repeated failures to get work, and out of money, the deaf-mute is finally compelled to accept that which he at first spurned with loathing and contempt. He soon learns to like begging. His sensitiveness, imparted at school, becomes dull and finally extinct. And now the people go on complacently and think nothing of the harm and mischief they are doing. They take no time to think of the true way of meeting the case of the deaf-mute who comes, like every body else, to them seeking honest employment. The greatest insult they can possibly offer him is to offer him money instead of work.

This class of hearing and speaking persons, well enough illustrated, though not thoroughly exposed below, being either out of work or too lazy to get it, and seeing the willingness with which people respond to appeals of charity from deaf-mute beggars, betake themselves to the disreputable and unlawful practice of imposture. Pass them round. Here comes the extract: A. W. MANN.

BETRAYED HIMSELF.

"A young man of respectable looks, and claiming to be deaf and dumb, has been hanging around the Central depot for a week past soliciting aid. He carries a book in which several unknown individuals recommend him to the favor of the charitable, and he was so prudent in choosing his patrons that he was not driven away. No one had a suspicion that he was not deaf and dumb until, yesterday, when he entered the gentlemen's waiting-room to count over his nickles and shinplasters. There was no one else in the

room, and he did not notice that two hack-drivers stood near the window. After counting for awhile the deaf-mute suddenly said: "Ninety—one hundred—ten—fifteen—twenty," and counted up to another hundred, when he said: "And that makes four dollars." The hackman knew that he pretended to be a deaf-mute, and they went around into the room and charged him with being a fraud, stating what they had overheard. The brassy rascal denied that he was the pretended deaf-mute, but claimed to be a traveller, and said that he was well acquainted with a bar-keeper across the street. The men went over to see if he was, and, when they came back, the fraud was getting out of the lower end of the depot. He probably won't trouble that locality again. His name, as printed in his book, is "Horace Thayer;" and the statement is set forth that he has to support a small sister, "who is also a deaf-mute."

FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23, 1874.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

THE members of the Deaf-mute Society of Chicago desire to express their sincere thanks to Mr. T. L. Brown, of Flint, Michigan, Mr. D. H. Carroll, of Faribault, Minnesota, and Mr. F. C. Clarke, lately a teacher in the New York Institution, who have kindly favored them by lecturing during the past Summer. They would also take this opportunity of stating that their society is in excellent working order and prospering fairly.

They would be pleased to have superintendents and teachers of the deaf-mute institutions and others of good moral character, when passing through the city, stop over Sunday, if possible, and lecture before them.

Yours respectfully, MRS. J. M. RAFFINGTON, President.

W. B. ASTOR'S HOUSE IN GERMANY.

SOME dreamy people have "castles in Spain," but the rich and practical Mr. Astor has a building in Germany, which is no dream. In the will of his father, John Jacob, he was indicated as the principal legatee. This addition to his own possession made him the richest man on this continent. To carry out the bequests of of his father, he sent one of his own sons to Waldorf, in Germany, his father's birth place, to superintend and erect a charitable institution. A building was erected and a fund of \$43,000 set apart for its maintenance. The aged and infirm, orphan children, blind, deaf and dumb persons, homeless infants are furnished with a comfortable home.

"I take great pride in the Astor House of New York," says Mr. Astor, but a greater pride in the Astor House of Waldorf. The massive granite blocks and pillars of the former may crumble and fall to the ground, or its columns and corridors become choked with weeds; but the latter will continue in existence as long as the town of Waldorf exists and there are any poor people in it.

DR. GALLAUDET DUMBFOUNDED.

WHEN Clerk Johnson called for John Doe in the Special Sessions yesterday, an officer went to the door of the prison pen and led forth a gorilla-man. His head was shaped like that of a large monkey. The resemblance was made more striking by the hair, which was short, brown, and silky, and hung on his head exactly as it does on a monkey's. The man or idiot stood at the bar with his deformed head hung down. His eyes expressed absolutely nothing.

The charge was that the prisoner had stolen a silver watch from Eliza Brown. The trial had been twice postponed, on account of the difficulty in procuring an interpreter. The lips of the man-

monkey had not opened from the time of his arrest, except to take in his food, and seemingly he did not realize his position in prison or in court. Yesterday the distinguished Dr. Gallaudet attended the court as interpreter.

The Doctor approached the man-monkey, and he looked at him attentively for a long time, then turned to the Court, saying: "I have never seen him before." The Doctor was requested to explain the charge to the prisoner, and ask him to plead to it. Up went Dr. Gallaudet's hands and mysterious figures were cut in the air. The prisoner made no response. After several trials had failed to make him comprehend, Dr. Gallaudet turned to the Court.

"Your Honors, this is a sad case. The poor man doesn't even know the deaf-mute's alphabet.

The man-monkey now began to indulge his own fancy for mysterious signs. He drew his right hand across the left wrist as though to cut it off, and repeated the operation with his left hand on his right hand upward, and reversing them, pointed downward. This was Egyptian to Dr. Gallaudet, and he suggested that the Court proceed with the case on plea of not guilty.

At this point one of the prisoners stepped from the prison pen and shouted to the Court, "That man aint deaf or dumb. I told him five minutes ago that his name was n't Doe, and he said I was right. It was Sullivan."

A roar of laughter burst from the spectators, the Court joining. Mrs. Brown began to tell her story, but she was suddenly interrupted by a stentorian voice from the scrubby mouth of the dumb man. The voice said:

"Yer Honors, I plade guilty."

Another roar of laughter from Court and spectators. The Justice Otterburg composed himself and frowned. He said:

"John Doe, what is your name?"

"Patrick Sullivan, your Honor."

"Well, Patrick Sullivan, the sentence of this Court is that you be confined in the Penitentiary at hard labor for five months, and pay a fine of one hundred dollars."—*N. Y. Sun.*

ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE second anniversary of the Boston Deaf-mutes' Library Association was celebrated at their room, 289 Washington Street, on Wednesday evening, 30th ult., by a social gathering, at which nearly a hundred of that particular class were gathered, and had a highly enjoyable time. Delegations were present from several of the neighboring towns.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. E. J. Welch, at eight o'clock. After prayer by Mr. J. P. Marsh, the President made an address, in which he traced the history of the Association from its inception and establishment, in 1872, at 160 Washington Street, from which it was ousted by the great fire, to its present location. He dwelt largely on the liberality of the Boston public, through which its re-establishment was made possible. There had been many pleasant occasions, but the present one, when so many from other points were present, was peculiarly so. He reported the Association in a prosperous condition, with no debts and something on hand, a reading-room, well supplied, and free to all, open day and evening, a library of 800 volumes, a regular Sunday service, conducted by the Deaf-mute Mission—everything free. He announced that a course of lectures would be given during the winter, alternated by social gatherings and other means of pleasantly and profitably spending the winter evenings.

This Institution is a godsend to the deaf-mutes, and, under proper management, cannot fail of being immensely beneficial to that class of the community.

Remarks, congratulatory, advisory and retrospective, were made by Messrs. William M. Chamberlain, of Marblehead, Marsh, Osgood and Wade, of Boston, and by E. N. Bowes, the founder of the Association. The exercises closed with a collation, and the rest of the evening, till midnight, was devoted to social converse and amusement. The large assembly had a good and profitable time. The public are invited to look in at any time, either on week days or Sundays, and see for themselves how the Institution works.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

Many years ago there was a very plainly dressed elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as though she had been a princess. This continued for a year or two, until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:—Lady—"Young man, do you not wish to go into business for yourself?" "Yes, ma'am," he responded; "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor will any one trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he went forthwith and reported. "Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. ——— that I will be responsible." He went, and the landlord, or agent, was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods; no one will trust me?" "You may go and see Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years since, and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age in whatever garb they are clothed.—*Boston Traveller.*

PERSONAL.

JACOB E. TUTTLE is selling pictures in Aurora, Illinois. He thinks himself on the high road to fortune.

REV. MR. CHAMBERLAIN who has been absent from St. Ann's Church for some time, returned on the 8th inst.

REV. MR. KRANS has entered upon his duties as assistant to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet of St. Ann's Church, New York. He is to attend to the hearing portion of the parish.

MR. J. E. TOWNSEND has been appointed collector of subscriptions to the Chicago Deaf-mute Society. His address is with the Association, No. 89 East Madison St., Chicago, Illinois.

MR. CHARLES W. BIRKEY, who left the Virginia Institution in 1850, is now working at his trade, that of a wheelweight, in Winchester, Virginia. His work is highly spoken of.

WILLIAM TOWERS, an old pupil of the New York Institution, has been sentenced to the Illinois State Prison for ten years for robbing a drunken man of \$600 in a Chicago saloon.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE examination of candidates for admission this year resulted, as usual, in dumping nearly all of the applicants into Preparatory Classes.

Mr. S. M. Freeman, of Ohio was conditionally admitted to the Freshman Class, which, besides him, consists of Messrs. J. T. Elwell, of Pennsylvania, F. R. Gray, of Illinois, F. C. Holloway, of Iowa, J. J. Murphy, of Minnesota, and D. A. Simpson, of Michigan.

Messrs. J. M. Cosgrove, of Minnesota, H. Erbe, of Connecticut, J. W. Michaels, of Virginia, C. M. Rice, of Ohio, W. L. Waters, of Connecticut, and H. White, of Massachusetts, constitute the First Preparatory Class. Messrs. A. D. Bryant, of the District of Columbia, C. A. Corey, of Kansas, J. S. Flemming and J. W. Tipton, of Illinois, J. M. Mallet, of North Carolina, and R. D. Hazlett, of Mississippi, make up the Second Preparatory Class.

Messrs. T. Keisel, of Pennsylvania, J. A. Prince, of Massachusetts, and C. E. Thorpe, of Ohio, are to pursue a Select Course.

Of the eleven new men who have joined the College this Fall, eight are what are called semi-mutes. This class has always largely preponderated, and, perhaps, always will until a better system of teaching deaf-mutes the English language is adopted in the primary institutions.

NOTE removal of our office.

THIS year the apple dealer comes from Michigan.

OVERCOATS will soon be in demand, consult our advertisers.

J. J. MURPHY, '78, has not yet returned to College. Why this is thus is not known.

EVENING prayers have been abolished. Students sometimes forget this and come home from town at a tearing rate, fearing they will be late.

THE Sophs. are downcast, only ten minutes being allowed them to demonstrate a proposition in Cones. They denounce such treatment as parabolical.

A GOOD appetite makes *punctuality at meals indispensable* since the new regulation, allowing thirty minutes for breakfast and supper, and forty minutes for dinner, was established.

IT is said that Douglas, our old collegian and photographer, will be on hand in a few days to take a new group of the students. To make a discrimination, the Seniors should wear night-caps on this occasion, as they have no silk ties.

SUNDRY measurings, pointings, and laying together of heads on the part of "The Powers," over the site of the proposed new College building, seem to assure its speedy erection, to the joy of all those whose course takes them thro' the next five years.

"A DARTMOUTH College Student supports himself by serving as barber to his fellow Collegians." We used to have one who acted in that capacity in addition to repairing shoes. His business was so lucrative that he has retired to private life.

THE Class, of '72, will rejoice to hear that Mr. T. A. Jones has lately been presented with an "heir." He is making his home at Madison, Wisconsin, and takes a fatherly pride in the late acquisition to his family. We wish him joy and unbounded multiplication.

THE Literary Society has started with a fair list of members, and it is to be hoped other students will feel it a duty to themselves, and an honor due to the College, to contribute all they can to the efforts of the officers to make it equal, if not superior, to what it was in its most prosperous days.

ONE of the students, visiting the Corcoran Art Gallery, was noticed for some time before the bust of Bacchante, evidently in deep admiration. He seemed suddenly to awake from his reverie, and exclaimed through the manual alphabet, "You may smile and smile, nevertheless your face is dirty."

L. C. TUCK, '70, has returned to the profession of teaching. For the last eight months he has been managing editor of THE SILENT WORLD, and has conducted the paper in an able and satisfactory manner, as our readers will bear witness. He lately received an offer to take charge of the school for colored deaf-mute children in Baltimore, and has accepted it. It is with regret that we part with him, and we congratulate the Baltimore school, and our deaf-mute friends in that city, on the acquisition of so worthy a man.

PROFESSOR PORTER was called north on the 9th to attend the funeral of his aged mother, in Farmington, Connecticut. She passed peacefully to her rest, at the age of eighty-eight.

THE subject of fines for violation of the Rules of the Reading Room seems to develop more finely pointed logic than Locke or Jevon ever dreamed of. Butler would retract his assertion that a "deaf-mute is but half-a-man," and own them to be as good at quibbling as himself, could he but hear the arguments some of the luckless ones sustain.

F. C. HOLLOWAY, '78, has been somewhat discouraged at the very outset of his regular College course. A tornado which recently passed over Iowa, unroofed his father's barn, and destroyed fences, crops, and live stock, to the value of \$3000. Mr. Holloway has our sympathy, and we hope that he will not be compelled by this misfortune to leave College.

THE first regular meeting of the Literary Society was held in the College Hall, Friday evening, 2d inst., and the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: A. C. Powell, '75, *President*; W. G. Jones, '76, *Vice-President*; D. W. George, '76, *Secretary*; John Michaels, '79, *Treasurer*; Frank Gray, '78, *Librarian*; and J. M. Park, '75, *Critic*. The next meeting will be held on the 16th, and all are cordially invited to attend.

THE great clock for the Chapel Tower has been ordered and will soon be placed in position. The 1200-pound bell which goes with it, will give out notes loud enough for many of us to hear; but the chief satisfaction to most will be to know that the bell is there. The clock will be so arranged that it can connect with dials in all parts of the Institution by electric apparatus, and thereby bring us to time—a feat that all the clocks and watches, we now have, have failed to accomplish.

OUR Reliable Local, passing through the College recently, picked up the following lines evidently written by a lack-a-daisical youth:

The girls, heaven bless the precious souls,
Are thick as bees about us,
And every mother's son well knows
They could not do without us,
Though, they are dangerous to meddle with,
For they are also deceiving,
They will win and laugh, then flirt you—yet
There is nothing made by grieving.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

A NUMBER of changes have taken place both among the teachers and in the domestic arrangements. At the close of the last term, three teachers were removed. This was done with a view of reducing the number of teachers, to meet the changes, required by the adoption of the plan originated, and, as far as we know, carried out at the New York Institution. Here, as there, we have two sessions per day. Three of the teachers have two classes each. One class has three hours in school, and then goes into the shops for three hours more. The classes that have worked while the others were in school now take their turn at the blackboards. The four classes that do not go into the shops at all remain in school six hours. They are made up of beginners. Each pupil of the three-hour classes has about fifteen hours per week in school, and seventeen or eighteen hours in the shop. No school on Saturday.

At present, we have 193 pupils—159 in the deaf-mute department and thirty-four in the blind. We will have eight teachers in the former department, when the corps is full. The blind are taught by three lady teachers.

AUTUMN.

OHIO.

A LARGE delegation from the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland which recently assembled in Columbus, paid the Institution a visit.

Superintendent Fay cordially received his visitors, and after conducting them through several rooms to give them a general idea of the building, led the way into the Chapel, where the pupils received the distinguished soldiers with waving of handkerchiefs. General Sherman, General Sheridan, Secretary Belknap, General Custar, General Hayes, General Garfield, and other distinguished officers, were conducted to seats on the platform, and front seats were reserved for other members of the society.

Superintendent Fay, appreciating how much there was to do in a short time, went swiftly to work to show some of the work of the Institution. He said the Institution had been in operation forty-seven years, and it happened that the oldest and youngest pupils were both present and on the platform. A farmer, who had been the first pupil in the Institution, had just brought to the school his son, a little boy afflicted as he was.

The Superintendent then introduced a young lady, dressed in white with a silk flag gracefully draped around her shoulders, and a liberty cap on her head. She recited the Star Spangled Banner in the sign-language, the Superintendent reading so as to help those not familiar with the means of communication among the deaf and dumb. The recitation deeply interested the guests, who joined heartily in the applause. Custar took such an interest that he left the platform and took a front seat in the auditorium, to get a full front view of the next exhibition in the sign-language. It was a recitation Sheridan's Ride by a young man, the Superintendent reading the poetry as the pupil depicted with his face, arms, eyes, fingers and body the gallant officer's ride to Winchester, twenty miles. Then there was more applause, and General Sheridan rose and shook hands with the young man whose pantomimic reading had been so effective. Several pantomime exhibitions of a humorous character followed, after which Generals Sheridan, Belknap, Custar, Hayes, Garfield, and other officers, were successively introduced to the pupils, rising to their feet while the Superintendent told who they were by means of the manual alphabet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

GUZOR lost his memory a month before he died.

The Government pays about \$11,379,600 to bondholders annually.

Good mother, Queen Victoria, to pay her son Albert's debts, \$3,000,000.

Middle Tennessee had rain on the 28th of August for the first time since the 15th of May.

It is no war of races in Louisiana. It is white and black people against white and black plunderers.

The loss by fire in the Grand Hotel at Saratoga, on the 1st inst. was about \$365,000; insured for about two-thirds.

"Never so many marriageable girls and so few rich fathers," is the verdict from one of the fashionable watering-places.

The Grand Jury at Philadelphia has found a true bill against the proprietors of *The Reading Eagle* for libelling Christian K. Ross.

Mr. Tilden has received over 2,000 letters congratulating him on his nomination and probable election to the New York governorship.

An Alabama editor closes an article on the corn crop with the remark: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

In the Police court at San Jose, Cal., recently, a witness was asked, "Did you ever kill a man?" He answered, "No, but I killed a Chinaman once."

Speaking of the Sherman-Fitch wedding, a paper says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." It is fortunate the general has been in harder service.

A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it with the remark: "That it was very nice reading, but somehow it changed the subject often."

A man, named Donohue, who attempted to walk eleven hundred miles in eleven hundred hours, gave it up after walking 874, completely broken down and exhausted.

The New York Pie Baking Company's factory, the largest establishment of the kind in the world, has an invested capital of \$150,000. Have a piece? Pumpkin, if you please.

A report has just reached London to the effect that Don Carlos has died of his wound received at the hands of the mutineers at Durango. The announcement has caused considerable alarm among the Carlist adherents.

The Turks have some odd sayings. Taste a few: You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "honey." If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf, and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea. If the fish know it not, the Lord will.

A little New Yorker, eleven years of age, did a plucky thing while visiting in the country. He was standing by a switch on the railroad track which passed through the village, and as the tender changed the switch to turn an incoming train out of the way of another train going out, the little boy's hand got caught in the switch. It hurt badly, but the little fellow would not let the switch-tender take the risk of trying to make the two changes necessary to release him, in the brief time allowed, but stood bravely in torture until the entire train had passed.

There is something almost classical in the conduct of a Toronto gentleman. His two sons were drowned in the yacht *Foam*, near Niagara, and unable to bear the thought that the public gaze should be allowed to rest upon what had caused so much misery to him, he bought the yacht, and burned it to the water's edge.

An old gentleman in Maine is preparing for the good time to come. He has caused to be erected in the cemetery a gorgeous monument to the memory of himself and wife, setting forth their many virtues, and leaving the dates of their deaths to be filled in whenever these events may happen. It is said their chief delight consists in watching the throngs of gaping rustics, assembled around the monument, to admire its beauty and ponder over its sculptural adornments.

On the way to the wedding of General Sherman's daughter, on the 1st inst., the horses attached to President Grant's carriage, became frightened and ran away. The carriage contained the President and Mrs. Grant, and Marshal Sharp and wife. None of them were injured though the carriage was smashed. The President immediately hailed another team at the street crossing and proceeded to the church, arriving there about five minutes after the service had commenced.

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher, "How is it you never call upon me to pay for your paper?" "Oh," said the publisher, we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed," replied the patron, "how do you manage to get along, if they don't pay you?" "Why," said the publisher, "after a certain time we conclude that he is not a gentleman, and we ask him." "Oh,—yes—I see, Mr. Publisher, please give me a receipt," handing him a V, and "make my name all right on your books." Will our readers take the hint too?

At the County Hall in Nottingham, England, on Sept. 12, a miser about seventy years of age, named Bellaby, was charged with stealing a cat. As he is very eccentric and had been known to make away with cats, he had been suspected to have taken one which a neighbor had lost. A quantity of cooked cat's meat as well as a cat's skin, identified as that of the lost tabby, was found by the police in his house, but as the old man declared that he picked the cat up in the street he was discharged.

The Glasgow News says that on Sept. 17th a large, black-looking object was seen floundering in Kirkcaldy harbor, apparently ashore on the sandbank at the entrance to the channel. A boat was manned by men and boys, who proceeded to grapple with the briny monster. After struggling for some time with the fish, they managed to get it on board their small craft. The monster was landed close to the shore, when it was found to measure about seven feet, to have a ferocious looking mouth, filled with sharp and closet-set teeth, and to have two horns jutting out from its head, which was about half the size of its body. One of the numerous lookers-on pierced the large fish with a grapple, when several flounders leaped from it on to the beach. Unfortunately the wonderful fish was allowed to escape before public curiosity had been fully satisfied regarding it.

MARRIED.

On Sept. 11th Mr. Edwin Southwick, a teacher in the Iowa Institution, at Council Bluffs, to Miss Maggie Bickford of Birmingham, Iowa. Both are deaf and dumb.

DIED.

Of typhus, after a short illness, Mr. W. H. Brewer; and of consumption, Mr. Shay; both of the New York Institution.

JOHN FANN, a pupil of the Tennessee Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was drowned, while bathing, on the afternoon of September 12th.

Of typhoid fever, at the home of their father, in Union Township, Perry Co., Indiana, Richard S. Boone, August 21st, and Hannibal T. Boone, on the morning of September 5th, aged respectively twenty and thirty years. Both were graduates of the Indiana Institution.

On the 5th inst., of a short attack of paralysis, after having been an invalid for nearly a year, Mrs. Valentine Menger, of Washington. In demeanor she was pleasant and lady-like, and the main assistant of her husband who is deaf and dumb, besides being uneducated, though he can converse intelligently by natural signs. In his bereavement he has our sympathy, and we hope that his children will be his stay and comfort in old age.